Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if dye, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new Kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crack in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluct two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I,
Then, being but moity of my selfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints, and drowne thy cries?

Boy, Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we ayd you with our kindreds teares?

Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation.
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo

Ambo. Oh for our father fo
Dut. Alas for both, both mi
Qu. What stay Had I but
Ambo. What stay had we
Dut. What stay had I, but
Qu. Was euer widow, had
Ambo. Was euer Orphanes
Dut. Was euer mother had
Alasse I am the mother of the
Their woes are parceld, min
She for *Edward* weepes, and
I for a *Clarence* weepe, so dou
These babes for *Clarence* weep
I for an *Edward* weepe, and
Alas, you three on me threefo
Powre all your teares, I am yo
And I will pamper it with la
Glo. Maddam haue comfort
To waile the dimming of our
But none can cure their harm
Maddam my mother, I doe c
I did not see yor Grace, humb
I craue your blessing.
Dut. God-blesse thee, and
Loue, charity, obedience, an
Glo. Amen, make me to dy
Thats the butt end of my m
I maruell why her Grace did
Buc. You cloudy Princes,
That beare this mutuall hea
Now cheare each other in ea
Though we haue spent our h
We are to reape the harueft
The broken rancour of your
But lastly splinted, knit, and
Must greatly be preserud, ch
Me seemeth good that with
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the
Hither to *London* to be Cro

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